

Arizona Weekly Enterprise.

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NO. 31.

J. M. OCHOA,

— LEADER IN —

POPULAR PRICES!!

AT HIS OLD STAND,

Wholesale & Retail Dealer

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Which will be sold at wholesale at my store as cheap as they can be bought in San Francisco. This whisky is shipped direct to me from the bonded warehouse in original packages.

ORDERS BY MAIL PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

HISTORY OF LONG BRANCH.

How the Land on Which It Stands Was Won from the Indians.

It was on a summer's evening in the fabulous days of 1670 that four white men, named Slocum, Parker, Wardell and Hulett, made their appearance at the little Indian fishing hamlet, "Land's End," now Long Branch. The lazy surf, blue and silver, under a clear sky and a warm sun, was breaking with a low swash upon the brown sand of the beach. The salt meadow grass was just stirred by the gentle westerly breeze. The blue smoke curled upward slowly from the wigwams, and the rippling laugh of the swarthy children at play added music to the scene. At the sound of footsteps the braves, who were loitering about the fire, looked up and beheld the vanguard of that civilization which was to drive the children of the Lenni-Lenape from the face of the earth, and establish on the site of their homes one of the greatest summer resorts of fashion and frivolity.

The Indians made no hostile demonstration against the new comers, but they were not inclined to part with the fishing grounds of their fathers. The white men proposed a wrestling match—whether Græco-Roman, catch-as-catch-can, Japanese or collar-and-elbow, is not recorded—to be decided by two out of three falls. If the white man won he and his friends were to have as much land as they could walk around in a day; if he lost he and his party were to depart peaceably. The name of the white champion was John Slocum; that of the Indian was John Slocum; that of the Indian has been lost in a maze of consonants which our forefathers could not hand down to us with the rest of the tale.

It is said of the white man that he was of "giant proportions, of supple limb, and of great strength." The qualifications of the Indian are not set down, but it is fair to suppose that he was "a good man." Each champion had a week's training, and then the meeting took place at a spot known as the "Fish Landing." Both men—see how history repeats itself—were confident of success. Cool and deliberate as they entered the arena, and the struggle of Slocum against the Indian "Unknown," the contest of civilization against barbarism, began. The first fall was bitterly contested, but Slocum finally threw his antagonist. In the second trial, the Indian, it is stated, "made a violent effort, and both fell." This must have been something in the nature of what the school-boys call a "dog fall," and I therefore opine that this match was in the collar-and-elbow style. The third trial proved the truth of the famous though inelegant remark of Mr. Slocum Scudder that "wherever the white man comes the Indian and the nigger have got to get up and get it." Slocum, hardened by long days of severe physical labor, after a protracted struggle, threw the Indian and won the match. The whites then demanded the fulfillment of the bargain, and the Indians gave them as much land as they could walk around in a day. I take it that this walking must have been a sort of go-as-you-please performance, for I do not know any four heel-and-toe walkers of the present who could encircle in a single day as much land as Messrs. Slocum, Parker, Wardell and Hulett went around in 1670. However, I presume every thing was fairly done, as Indian warrants conveying the lands to their white owners are still in existence.—*Outing.*

GRADUATION JOYS.

A Vassar Maiden Gives the Whole Thing Completely Away.

One of those bright Vassar graduates says that there is no particular advantage to be derived from present at commencement. "Those of us," she adds, "who have been through it ourselves know that the authors of 'Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow,' 'Life's Failures,' 'Lights Ahead,' 'Philosophy vs. Rationalism,' 'Which, When and Why,' 'The Influence of Metaphysics on Society,' 'The Sovereignty of Change,' 'Look Aloft,' 'The Mirage of Life,' 'Our Country's Perils,' 'Anarchical Tendencies of Modern Civilization'—the authors of these papers, essays and orations will, ten minutes after it is all over, be saying:

"I got nineteen bouquets."
"Didn't it go off lovely?"
"Did my train hang all right?"
"How did I do, anyhow?"
"I was scared nearly to death."
"I was so worried about my hair."
"Did my sash ends hang right?"
"You did splendidly."
"So did you."
"Your essay was just grand."
"How lovely of you to say so!"
"Every thing was just perfect."
"I thought I'd die when my name was called. But I remembered that my dress cost ninety dollars, and that helped me out."
"I'm afraid that not half the audience knew that flounce on my train was real lace."
"I'm dying to see what the papers say!"
"It'll be perfectly horrid if they don't describe the costumes!"—*Chicago News.*

—Yes; I gave each of my sons five thousand dollars and sent them West to make their fortunes. John invested his money in a cattle ranch and went to work in earnest. It grieves me to say that Henry, disregarding my admonitions about honesty and industry, started a faro bank. "And it all turned out in the usual way, I suppose?"

"Yes, Henry owns Henry's cattle ranch now, and has lent him money to come home with."—*Drake's Traveler's Magazine.*

The Wet Nurses of Paris.

As a rule these nurses are lusty, healthy, ignorant women, whose sole ambition is to gain a comfortable livelihood with as little effort as possible. Once started upon this career, they follow it for life, preferring it to the menial drudgery of service at a rural chateau or the more slavish environment of a small and sterile farm. When they obtain a situation their own infants are sent to their tucolic homes for their mothers or sisters to take care of. Installed as a member of a Parisian household, the wet nurse considers herself in paradise. Her professional outfit is purchased for her, the ostentation of her employers deciding whether it be gorgeous, gaudy or plain. She revels in the finest delicacies the domestic larder affords; in short, nothing in the line of edibles is too good for her. In due time she goes out with the baby for drives in the Bois, and soon learns to hold her head as high as any of her ilk. I doubt not she overhears many a verbal morsel of scandal concerning her mistress' friends, but she is discreet and does not tattle, especially if she is "out" for the first time.

No matter what domestic troubles are brewing in the house, no nurse must not be involved in them, lest, as a result, the baby should suffer. So easy are the duties and so comparatively lucrative the position of a wet nurse that in many parts of France poor misguided women with nothing but an heroic physique make it a business. So long as they are young they do well in the mercenary sense, but when they get past and beyond their usefulness as cows, to use the vulgar French name for them, their only alternative is to enter the lists as bonnes, or dry nurses. If they are taken out of France, to the United States for instance, the expenses of their return must be paid. That is if they wish to return, which is seldom the case.—*Leon Mead in Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Compensating Features.

Yes, it is rather warm, but we must take the weather as it comes. We should be thankful to have any, and even hot weather is better than none at all. It has its compensating features. There is no bothering with overcoats, fur gloves, or umbrellas, etc. Fires do not have to be raked every few minutes. Your horse does not have to be rough shod to keep him from falling on the ice. Your own head is not exposed to an avalanche of snow from the roof as you walk the streets. The gas and water pipes are not frozen up. The young man who hangs on your front gate at night is in no danger of being frosted. There is no danger of pumps freezing; no necessity of covering cucumber vines, fruit of all kinds is perfectly safe if the boys can't get at it; watermelons are beyond the danger point if they are under lock and key; last winter's ice crop is safe beyond a doubt; no immediate danger of a hard, good time to prune the thermometer by cutting off the lower half. In fact, hot weather has many compensations, not the least of which is that it teaches patience. Wait and it will be cooler. Christmas is coming.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

New Use for Coal Waste.

A patent has recently been asked for a new process by which it is proposed to use the waste coal piles at the mouth of every coal mine, and convert the culm into a sort of gas that can be used the same as natural gas is used. The culm is to be broken up into pieces and run into a hopper. Out of the hopper it comes in particles, and is fed to an air blast. This blast is broken into different chambers, and in circulating around each chamber the particles of the culm rub against each other until by the time the last chamber is reached they are reduced to a fine dust that floats around in the air current. When the last chamber is reached the culm passes through a 110 mesh and comes out in a dark cloud. It is then fed through pipes, like gas. The particles of coal float in the air, and combine with the oxygen of the air to make a hot fire. The inventor claims that this fuel will make no smoke, but will be all consumed before reaching the smoke-stack, owing to its fineness. The trouble with the invention is that it can be used only on a large scale.—*New York Sun.*

The Fatal Furrier's Colic.

Furrier's colic is becoming a fatal disease, if what a local furrier tells me amounts to anything. It is contracted by working on the furs and inhaling the small particles which rise from them. These particles accumulate in the lungs and stomach, and when once they are inhaled it is impossible to rid one's self of them. They are liable to cause consumption or cancer of the stomach. Said my friend, the furrier: "It is impossible for one to work on furs over six months at a time and not become affected. It is very lucky for furriers that their season is not a long one. To be sure when they work six months they receive but six months' pay, but they have a chance to live longer than they would were they obliged to work all the year around. Brass buffing is similar to working on furs. The small particles of brass get into a man's lungs and cause an incurable disease."—*Rambler in Brooklyn Eagle.*

One Style of Manly Beauty.

There is a peculiar classical style of manly beauty which all persons who know anything of the subject must associate with eminence in the law and in oratory. There have been plenty of able lawyers and inspired orators who were anything but handsome men. But that type of strong and comely physiognomy which characterized Daniel Webster, and which has given a title to a certain sort of physical and facial impressiveness, has become a pretty certain index of the quality of man it endows. You say of it: "There is a man who has brains to think and the gift to express his ideas," and you are rarely mistaken in your judgment. A few folds of fortune may wear the masquerade, but they are the accidents, like white crowns and two headed calves.—*Alfred Trumble in New York News.*

Electricity from One Metal.

It is not necessary to have different metals to obtain a current of electricity. Iron in nitric acid and iron in sulphuric acid, the two fluids being separated by a porous partition, will give a current, one plate wanting away while the other is thickened.—*Frank Leslie's.*

THE STORY OF A SLAVER.

Heartless Expedients of a Man Now Living in Boston.

The other day I heard a story from a sea captain who has been all over the world and finally settled near Atlanta, the best place, he says, he has ever found. Among the seafaring men he knew before the war was a captain that had been a slave. Once he had a cargo of 300 slaves, sailing with them from off the coast of Africa to Cuba. After a few days' sail he saw he was chased by a United States man of war. If he was caught with the slaves the penalty was death for him and his crew, and his cargo was worth \$200,000. So he had two incentives to get away, and made his preparations for either escape or capture. He hung the heavy iron cable or chain that holds the anchor all around the hull of his vessel, on the outside, just below the edge of the deck. It was held by some cleats. These cables are so heavy that a man can lift only about two feet of one. Then he had the 300 naked negroes brought on deck and each one's wrists crossed and tied fast. They were then placed along the gunwales, facing outward and leaning over, and a strong cord fastened the hands of each one to this heavy iron cable just below them on the outside.

Then the captain awaited the result of the race. He had on every stitch of canvas his poles could carry. If he could run till dark he hoped to do so; the steamer and be out of sight before another day. But the sun did not go down fast enough, and the steamer came on too fast. There was at last no hope of escape. The crew stood ready with axes; the captain raised his hand, and in an instant every cleat was knocked loose. There was a sudden jerk, over went the negroes, there was for an instant a fringe of 600 black heels in the air, and cable and negroes were gone to the bottom. Commodore Maury says the pressure of water at great depths is such that fishes cannot go there to devour and chemical decomposition cannot take place. So these negroes are down there yet, still tied in a circle to that iron cable, with their heads down and heels up, in the eternal stillness of those depths.

As soon as the man of war came up a lieutenant boarded the slave and found plenty signs of negroes, but not a single slave. And the captain was not arrested. He soon had another cargo of negroes, which he this time successfully landed and sold in Cuba. On his return to Boston, however, he and his mate fell out, and the mate told on him. The captain ran away to Cuba and was not prosecuted. After awhile his friends succeeded in getting a pardon for him from the president, and he returned to Boston, where he now resides—wealthy, happy and respected. He told this story to his old friend, who told it to me. As for the poor negroes jerked over the gunwales so suddenly head foremost into the water forever—well, they were captured while trying to capture some other negroes to sell, and only suffered the fate they were trying to impose on others of their own kind.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Winning a Wife in Singapore.

The damsel in Singapore is given a canoe and a double bladed paddle and allowed a start of some distance. The suitor, similarly equipped, starts off in chase. If he succeeds in overtaking her she becomes his wife; if not the match is off. It is seldom that objection is offered at the last moment, and the race is generally a short one. The maid's arms are strong, but her heart is soft and her nature is warm and she soon becomes a willing captive. If the marriage takes place where no stream is near, a round circle of a certain size is formed, the damsel is stripped of all but a waist-band and given half the circle's start, and if she succeeds in running three times around before her suitor comes with her she is entitled to remain a virgin; if not, she must consent to the bonds of matrimony. As in the other cases, but few outstrip their lovers.—*All the Year Round.*

Their Wedding Tour.

A rather unusual sight was afforded loungers in the park the other afternoon. At the close of a wedding ceremony in the afternoon the groom and bride, instead of going off to the depot and taking an uncomfortable tour on the cars, got into a carriage in which they were seated and drove through the park. As the bride was in white satin and wore her bridal veil and orange blossoms, and the groom looked serenely happy, they attracted any amount of attention and good natured comment. They drove around the park for some time and then went to their future home as well satisfied as if they had taken a trip to Chicago.—*Albany Journal.*

He Didn't Advertise.

A householder who was Awakened at Midnight to find a Burglar in his room Cried out in Anger: "Why on Earth do you come here to Disturb me? I have nothing of Value!" "Are you not a Merchant?" queried the Burglar. "To be sure, but I have never Advertised my Business." "Oh—ah—I see!" observed the Burglar, as he Climbed out of the Window with a "Got Left" Expression of Countenance. Moral—No Burglar of Sense will Disturb a Non-Advertiser.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Pure Force of Habit.

"Hello, Jones! have you heard that Jimson, the bill broker, has gone on the operative stage?" "No, but I always thought he had a good tenor voice. Is he succeeding?" "Nav. He's first rate in everything except time. They had to discharge him on that account." "Why, what's the matter with his time keeping?" "Pure force of habit! Whenever he came to a whole note he'd only allow it three-quarters, so as to make 25 per cent. on the transaction."—*Exchange.*

A Kind Hearted Fisherman.

The story is told of the late Father Taylor, of Boston, that he was once urged to try his hand at the rod, and soon brought up a very little fish that had been tempted by his bait. He took the small creature carefully from the hook, gazed at it a moment, and then cast it back into the water, with this advice: "My little friend, go and tell your mother that you have seen a ghost."—*Chicago Journal.*

How to Write History.

Col. Nicolay concurs heartily in the opinion expressed to me by Col. Hay, that in writing the life of Lincoln personal reminiscences are almost valueless to them on account of the treachery of the human memory. "Even the most conscientious people," said he, "remember the most remarkable things! Such people have told us of thousands of interesting events that never happened. They are not to blame. I find myself utterly at fault in recollecting, and Hay and I long since resolved to use nothing in the book except documentary evidence and personal testimony that was corroborated by documentary proof. Why, here's a case. A distinguished public man who held close relations with Lincoln was sent to Washington during the historic winter of 1860-61 by prominent gentlemen the north to watch the course of events and assist in the formation of a cabinet. He stayed here about ten days, talked with the principal officials from the president down, and wrote a long letter every day to his principals. These letters came into my hands, and to fill up a gap in the information I called on the writer. What do you think? 'Why,' he said, you are entirely mistaken in the man. I saw none of the people you speak of, and was not in Washington that winter at all.' I took out his letters and confounded him. How much weight could we give to unsupported reminiscences after that?"—*Washington Cor. Kansas City Journal.*

New England Moss Gatherers.

The granite rocks of the New England coast, far from being uniformly bare and stern, are draped with the most beautiful and luxuriant algae, of innumerable species. Probably no other district in America yields such quantities of Irish moss as do the shores of Cohasset and Scituate, Mass. The Irish moss has more than a picturesque value. It possesses well known medicinal virtues, is manufactured into a nutritious food for invalids, and is also used in certain processes of brewing. The gathering of the moss, therefore, forms quite an important industry along the New England coast.

The season begins toward the end of May and lasts until October. The time of beginning and that of ending the harvest are observed by the gatherers with scrupulous punctuality, in order that none may "get ahead" of the others, but all, old and young, may have an equal chance. The moss is detached by means of long toothed rakes, the men going out for it in boats, while the women and children strip the rocks and stones along shore. The moss is bleached on the sand, put through half a dozen washings and dried for two weeks. It is then ready for market, and the fisherfolk receive from four to seven cents per pound for the product of their picturesque industry.—*Frank Leslie's.*

Mayall's Photographic Discovery.

The photographic as well as the daily press of England seems now to be much exercised over the "Mayall process," although it claims nothing more than to be the means by which photographs may be rapidly colored by those who need not have great artistic ability.

An outline of his method may serve to give some idea of its merits. It will probably, like many of its predecessors, meet with a wide appreciation in certain photographic circles, at least for a time. The negatives, made on orthochromatic plates, are not retouched. In order to obtain the best results a solar camera print is made, toned and fixed in the usual manner. The print, after leaving the hypo bath, is subjected to the action of a solution, which transforms the silver forming the image into silver oxide, and at the same time entirely eliminates the hypo by chemical action. The colors used in the tinting are entirely new (albumen probably), and form part of Mr. Mayall's discovery. They are beautifully transparent, and when applied to the surface of the print unite with the image, forming a colored silver compound, which there is good reason to believe is absolutely permanent. The print is then placed face upwards in an air tight box, into which silicon, in a state of impalpable powder, is blown. When this has subsided and formed a layer of the picture, it is carefully coated with salicylic acid, and the whole—image, colors and film—united to form a kind of flexible glass, which, when dry, leaves the paper support and can be applied to the decoration of any material.

The process being altogether different from anything heretofore practiced, has at least a claim for novelty, and as the pictures are said to possess rare beauty there may be a popular future for them. But they are not photographs in natural colors, as we understand that term.—*New York Photographic Times.*

Insanity in Paris.

The increase of insanity in Paris and its suburbs is exciting a great deal of comment, the more so as it has been observed that the sufferers from this reigning mania are chiefly to be found in literary, financial and political circles. Life at the French capital is as a madhouse, whether in the chambers, on the Louvre, among the journals or at the clubs, that engulf thousands every year in its hidden depths.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Virtues of Indian Corn.

Indian corn contains a large amount of nitrogen, has anti-constipating qualities, is easily assimilated, cheap and very nutritive. A doctor of note declares that a course of Indian meal, in the shape of Johnny cake, hoe cake, corn or pone bread and mush, relieved by copious draughts of pure cow's milk, to which, if inclined to dyspepsia, a little lime water may be added, will make a life, now a burden, well worth the living; and you need no other treatment to correct your nervousness, brighten your vision and give you sweet and peaceful sleep.—*Exchange.*

A Child's Grief.

Children are sensitive plants in the human garden. Touch them roughly and they shrink from you. Few of us appreciate the depth of feeling they possess. At the Wednesday night concert in Grand Circus park, last week, a gentleman noticed a little girl crying. "What is it, little one?" he asked. "It's the music," said the child, sobbing. "I don't like to hear the band play, 'cause my little sister's dead."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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Secret Society. Florence Lodge, No. 4, A. O. U. W., meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. W. E. GUILD, M. W. A. J. DORAN, Recorder. Ivanhoe Legion, No. 2, S. K. of A. O. U. W., meets first and third Thursday in each month at 8 o'clock p. m. D. C. STEVENS, C. Wm. E. GUTH, S. R.

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